

The GOVERNOR'S LADY

A Novelization of
Alice Bradley's Play

By GERTRUDE STEVENSON

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS
OF THE STAGE PRODUCTION

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BY DAVID BELASCO



"You're a good boy, Jake," and she reached forward and patted his hand. "Tell me, does he always get the applause he did tonight?" she asked, eagerly. "I was very proud. He got three times as much as anyone else. I found myself applauding, too."

"You bet he does," Jake was very proud of his "old man." "He gets over. The other four western governors were traveling with—they ain't heard. Do you think you'll ever come West again, Mrs. Slade?"

"No," answered Mary, decisively. "I'm pushin' right ahead. I'm going to Europe next. Jake, I'm a citizen of the world now."

"Well," Jake got to his feet. A sudden resolution had formed in his mind as he heard about the contemplated trip to Europe. He hadn't been with the governor daily for the past two years without knowing what that personage's secret wish was. Neither had he devoted so much of his attention to motors and tires and car-buretors that he had neglected to cultivate the art of judging human nature. If Jake were any judge—and Jake thought he was—a woman didn't go to hear a man speak if she was wholly indifferent to him. Also a woman didn't fuss and worry about a man's overhauls if she hated him. "I wish you a pleasant journey, Mrs. Slade. I guess I'll have to run along now."

"Jake, I'd just as soon you didn't say you saw me," Mark remarked as she shook hands with him.

"You can depend on me, Mrs. Slade," Jake's candor and sincerity would have deceived a saint. "You eat your supper in peace. I give you my word of honor I won't say a thing."

"Thank you, Jake," she replied, satisfied. "Good night."

As Jake opened the door the snow eddied in and a blast of cold wind sent a chill through Mary's body. It seemed good to meet Jake, but somehow she almost wished she hadn't. It had brought back so forcibly the things she was trying to forget. She sat looking into space for a long time after he had gone. People came and went, a queer assortment of humanity—women of the streets and charwomen wanting a cup of coffee—but she scarcely saw them. She knew when the door opened by the accompanying chill, but she paid no attention to anyone coming or going. When Slade's handsome figure appeared and his eyes searched the room anxiously she did not look up.

For a moment he looked at her, hungrily—sadly. She was pathetic even now, although she had changed and improved, but she did look so little and wistful as she sat eating her lonely, simple meal of crackers and milk and coffee.

He walked down the room and stood before her, but it was only when he spoke that she looked up. Her eyes showed first amazement and then the love she could in no wise conceal. A warm flush made her look, to him, almost as pretty as she had when she was a girl.

"Well, how are you, Mary?" he asked. It was an ordinary enough speech, but the tone was tender and his eyes were asking the question she could not ignore.

"Why, Dan! I heard you tonight," the words were out before she recovered from her surprise.

"I'm glad you wanted to go," he said, simply, "but what's the use of it all?"

There was a touch of cynicism in his attitude and manner.

"Of what?" Mary asked.

"Of my getting elected, and—of the whole business," and he looked at her searchingly.

"Aren't you satisfied?" For a moment there was a trace of the Mary who had kicked open the kitchen door that day she had driven him from that cottage. "What way has it disappointed you?"

"Well, what's the use of being governor if you can't share the honors?" Slade smiled wanly as he thought of their former discussion of the same subject. "No, it doesn't amount to much after all! Jake tells me you are going to Europe?"

"Yes, it's a Cook tour," she exclaimed as she produced the ticket from her handbag. "It's a quick glimpse of famous places. We are to see Rome. We have two days there and half a day for the Pyramids. Then the Holy Land, then Paris for three whole days. I'm to see everything—to see life! I'll see the whole world in two months."

"Well, I hope you'll enjoy it," he commented sadly. "I couldn't."

"Why not?" she asked innocently.

Slade looked at her for a full minute before he replied.

"I find I'm too old to make new friends," he finally replied. "It's what I've had that counts; it's looking

back, not ahead. And I want to say right here and now that if I had it all to do over again I'd do differently. I'd do differently."

"Yes, I guess we'd all do differently," and Mary fumbled absently with the Cook's ticket to the world in two months. "But it's too late now," she finished.

"You couldn't think of trying it again, could you, Mary?" Slade's voice was tense.

"Oh, no," she replied as if his suggestion were not to be considered for a moment. "We are divorced and the only dignified thing for divorced people to do is to stay divorced. Why? Are you lonely?"

"No, I can't honestly say I'm lonely," he answered, candidly. "I'm too busy for that. I asked you because I care for you, very, very much. I've missed you. It wasn't loneliness. I've just missed you. And if anything had happened to you before I'd seen you again—well—my life wouldn't have been worth a continental. I want you because—you're my girl. You



"Oh, Dan," She Mumbled.

always were. The girl I loved when I was nineteen. You're handsomer now. My God! Mary, but you look pretty tonight!"

"Oh, Dan! Please, I'm going," Mary protested.

"Hold on there," Slade laid a detaining arm on hers. "I want to ask you something. Do you remember the first time I kissed you?"

"No, I do not," and Mary looked away toward the window where the endless process of griddle-cake making was going on.

"Yes, you do," Slade was leaning toward her eagerly. "You were bending over your mother's washtub and I—" He stopped suddenly. "Mary, if I were sick—would you come back to me?"

"Oh, that would be different," she answered, meeting his gaze.

"How would it be different?" he argued. "Whether I'm sick of body or sick of heart—what's the difference? Sick one way or the other, I can't get on without you—I can't. I've tried it alone, and I can't get on. And you're tired of it, too. You're not happy," he accused.

"Well, yes, I am, in a way."

"No, you're not," he persisted.

"Now, then, first I'm going to take you home, wherever you live. Come on."

He had easily reverted to his old masterful way.

"No, I won't!"

"Come on, there are four governors' wives at my hotel," he told her. "I'll introduce you to them tomorrow after we're married and then you can come on the trip with us. You've been away long enough. Come on."

"Positively no," replied Mary, and possibly she thought she meant it.

"Then you're through with me for good and all?" he asked in surprise.

"Well, I don't blame you. God! What an awful memory of all those years we lived together you must have!"

"Don't say that!" and Mary shrank away from him. "Don't feel like that! It was only at the last; I was unhappy only at the last. Before that, why, Dan, you know perfectly well, I'd rather not have been at all than not to have been the wife of Daniel S. Slade."

"Do you mean it?" he asked, eagerly.

"Of course."

"Well, that settles it," and he jumped up to get her heavy coat. "We're going to try it again. We've

got to."

"But what will people say?" asked Mary, weakening. "I'm all packed up to go to Europe."

"That for Europe," and reaching for the ticket, he tore it into bits. "We'll go together some day," and he held out her coat invitingly.

"Oh, Dan," she murmured as she obediently let him put it on. Before she had decided one way or the other he had her bag and her umbrella and he had her by the arm and in another flash she was being helped into a motor car that had been waiting outside.

Jake cranked the car, and as he climbed up on the seat he chuckled to himself:

"Well, this is the time they've got to hand it to me for being a diplomat."

(THE END.)

NAMES HONORED IN CANADA

Proposed Memorial to Parkman and Champlain Brings Strong Words of Commendation.

A Parkman and Champlain memorial at Ottawa is to be one of the symbols of the Anglo-American peace celebration.

Nothing could be more graceful and appropriate. Though Parkman and Champlain lived 250 years apart, their names are linked imperishably, and are written in letters of gold in the annals of this country.

Champlain made Canadian history; Parkman wrote it; Champlain wrought the deeds; Parkman immortalized them. It is fitting that they should dwell together, in bronze or marble, in the capital of the country which claimed their genius, if not their birth.

The fact that Parkman was an American harmonizes with the spirit of the peace celebration. His memorial, like his work, will testify to the common inheritance of the British, the Canadian and the American peoples. It will appeal also to the French-Canadians, for Parkman dedicated his life to telling the story of the French regime in Canada. And what an enthralling, inspiring story he wrote! On his splendid canvas, vivid with all the colors of romance and adventure, no figure stands out so gloriously as that of Champlain. To the memory of Champlain and Parkman—both heroes, for one fought the wilderness, the other waged a lifelong warfare against bodily infirmity—all Canadians should pay homage.—Quebec Chronicle.

DISPOSED OF FAMILY "PET"

Mr. Bildo Bore Much With Fortitude, but There Came a Time When Patience Failed.

"Did you ever have a dog in the family?" asked Bildo. "We did recently. How that dog got into the family, I don't know. Each member of the household went around saying 'I am sorry they got that dog' by the time we had had him a week."

"There was never any way of telling who was responsible for his presence with us. No one claimed the credit of it."

"We disposed of him because he took a piece out of a man's trousers. It was a peddler's trousers. It is a bad thing to let a dog bite a peddler."

"The peddler stormed up to my door a day or so after the event and informed me that he had been in the hospital a week, and that I must pay his hospital expenses; also his doctor's bill; also for the time he had lost from his vacation; also for the pants which my dog had ruined."

"When I asked to see his receipts from the hospital and doctor he offered to compromise on my paying \$5 for the damage done his trousers. I offered to pay the five, but insisted on immediate delivery of the garment."

"He was unable to deliver the goods, so it cost me nothing. Still, it was a narrow escape, and I decided that I had better either acquire a lawyer or get rid of the dog."

"While I was pondering a man went by all dressed up in a beetle-tailed coat, with white gloves on like a pallbearer ready to dance the tango, and the dog fell for him. The apples in the Garden of Eden didn't look near as good to Adam as that man did to my dog, and he got a chunk out of the black legs of that man."

"The tango dancer had a fiery disposition, and what he proposed was not to sue, but to lick the owner of the dog immediately. This made me very uncomfortable, indeed. I hid in the cellar until the storm blew over."

"We got a muzzle for the dog after that, and then he scratched up the neighbor's geraniums. We consoling ourselves that he was a good watch dog, anyway, but one night a burglar got into the house and stepped on him, and that scared the creature so badly that we had to let him sleep in the bed with us after that."

"We tried keeping him in the shed, but he dug out in the night and after announcing his presence by licking us on the face, he crawled in with us, fleas and muddy feet, and all."

"So we had to get rid of him."

Use for Old Umbrella Rods.

The steel rods from old umbrellas make fine plant supports. Disconnect them where they join the upper part and also where the ring slips the handle and you have a double rod to slip into your flower pots, and if they are painted gray they are unnoticeable.

Pa Had Been There.

"Pa, what is scientific salesmanship?" "Selling a dress suit to a man who went into the store to buy a celluloid collar."—Detroit Free Press.

REVEAL AGE OF MAN

FLINT IMPLEMENTS MADE TWO MILLION YEARS AGO.

Collection of Much Interest as Proving That at That Time Men Had Intelligence of by No Means Low Order.

Flint implements which because of the thickness of the patina given to them by exposure are estimated to be at least 2,000,000 years old and believed to prove that man existed at that remote time in the valley of the Nile, with sufficient intelligence to fashion stone into weapons, are being shown in a collection of more than 5,000 items excavated in Egypt by Robert de Rustafael Bey, says the New York Herald. The excavator, a fellow of the Royal Geographical society, is at the exhibition.

Exposure to the elements for 100,000 years leaves a patina on flint the depth of a man's fingernail. The patina on some of the weapons shown, dating back to the paleolithic and mesolithic periods, is nearly half an inch thick. These relics form the beginning of a display which has been arranged in chronological order, showing the art of Egypt down to the present day.

One of the most interesting things is a flint weapon on which is the finger print of a man made in silice a quarter of a million years ago. The flint was cast aside, and as there was no rain the particles of silica in the silice hardened and made a "Bertillon" record of the man's thumb and finger. There is a flint hoe the age of which is estimated at 150,000 years and a stone dagger that was used 100,000 years ago. A set of serrated tools were used by prehistoric jewelers to saw ornaments out of shells. Two perfect flint bracelets illustrate the highest art of flint knapping.

A feature of the exhibition is the earliest known example of a painting on canvas, more than 3,500 years old, found on the site of a temple at Thebes. It is a symbolic representation of the goddess Hathor, in the form of a cow, before whom seven Egyptians are about to perform an act of veneration. Its colors are brown, red, green and blue. An inscription translated reads: "Hathor, the Lady of Heaven, in the midst of Thebes, adoration to the lord of two lands, bowing down in the midst of Thebes, that she may grant life, prosperity and health, fitness for service, favor and love to the spirits of the favorites of Hathor, Tchanefer, her sister, lady of the house Merhuff, her mother, Sent, his son Huy, his own beloved son Mahuta, her beloved daughter Thet-Amentet."

There are painted and inscribed shirts 3,000 years old; a set of intricate bronze surgical instruments, including probes and tweezers, 3,000 years old, and bronze fishhooks of the same period made with a barb exactly as they are today. Examination of wickerwork of the same period contain mummified fruits and eggs. Vases of alabaster antedating the invention of pottery have great beauty of form. The collection of pottery begins with predynastic tiles and extends down to the Ptolemaic period.

Walled Cities of China.

In many of the old cities of China there is, as in Nanking, room enough for expansion for many a generation yet to come; all that is needed is a breach in the continuity of the wall on the business side of the city, or the side near the river, or the side near the new railroad station, as happens in not a few cases. From the strategic point of view it is to be hoped that the walls of Nanking and of every other city have practically lost their value, a settled and peaceful era being at the dawn; but they are a link with the past that need not be unnecessarily broken. York and Chester and many an English town and city have outgrown their walls, but they have hesitated to pull them down and in many cases they have not done so, finding other ways out of their difficulty. Surely the cities of China can do the same.—National Review (China).

Summer Manners.

Johnstone Frewen, the well-known after-dinner speaker, said at a banquet in Pittsburgh:

"Summer is coming again. Summer manners, especially at the seaside, are dreadfully free and easy. But what will they be this summer, with the increased daring of the frocks and the increased popularity of the terrible South American dances?"

"Motoring one morning with a pretty girl, I saw a grocery clerk speak to her from the shop door, but she cut the young fellow dead."

"The impudence!" she said.

"Don't you know him?" said I.

"Of course I don't know him," she replied, "except at the seashore—and last summer I even refused to be engaged to him again."

Pawnbroker's Shep.

The origin of borrowing money upon the strength of pledges deposited with the lender is supposed to have been in Italy some time in the fifteenth century. It was at first of a purely charitable nature, no interest being charged on the amount loaned, the pledge being simply a security for the amount loaned. But very soon (and quite naturally) interest began to be exacted, and in due time the business spread all over Europe. "Sharks" were not slow in appearing, and severe statutes were in most countries passed against them.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

IF YOU want a thing will it, don't merely wish it. The Chinese say "great souls have wills, feeble ones have only wishes."

VALUE OF SKIM MILK.

Many people have an idea that skim milk is not of any value as a food, which proves that we do not study food values enough. Skim milk has all the valuable properties of milk minus the cream, which are many. The casein is left, which is the proteid food of milk, and is most valuable as a builder of tissue.

If you can spare it from the pigs, let the little people have it to drink instead of water. If it must be bought, you can buy two or three quarts of the skim milk for the price of one quart of whole milk, and many most desirable dishes may be made with it which can not be told from that made of whole milk.

For example, the much-liked Indian pudding, which is made of corn meal, two quarts of milk, a cup of suet, sugar and a few raisins and an egg or two. The skim milk may be used exactly as well, as the fat is all supplied by the suet. Mothers of large families would do well to study the value of skim milk and buy much of it, instead of so much of the whole milk.

A pitcher of milk on the table will be a great food saver in other more expensive foods.

Skim milk alone, of course, would be an unbalanced ration, but combined with other foods which supply its fat, it makes a most acceptable addition to the diet.

All the various creamy soups which are made from milk can be just as well made from the skim milk, and no one need know the difference. For those who use milk in bread it is also valuable. For white sauces, for cakes, muffins, griddle cakes, biscuit and in fact anywhere the whole milk is used skimmed milk may be substituted.

Rice and tapioca can be cooked with skim milk, and it will be found good.

When baking ham or chicken in milk, which is a favorite dish with many, the skim milk may be used at much less expense.

Codfish Chowder.—Take a half pound of codfish, a quarter of a pound of salt pork, a half dozen potatoes, three onions all sliced, two quarts of skim milk, salt and pepper. Cut the pork into dice and put into a large kettle; try out until brown, add the onions and stir until yellow, add the potatoes sliced and sufficient water to cover. Have the codfish soaked and shredded; add when the potatoes are nearly done, then add the scalding milk, seasonings, a half dozen crackers. Serve hot.

Nellie Maxwell.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

R. L. S. and Derouled.

The critic who first introduced M. Derouled to the English public as a poet was Robert Louis Stevenson. It was when stranded in a village inn in the course of his travels with a donkey in the Cevennes that Stevenson picked up a copy of his verses, and, after reading them, he delivered the verdict. "One feels that one would like to trust Paul Derouled with something." His songs are of war and are inspired by his own experiences of the Franco-German campaign.—Westminster Gazette.

A healthy man is a king in his own right; an unhealthy man an unhappy slave. For impure blood and sluggish liver, use Burdock Blood Bitters. On the market 35 years. \$1.00 a bottle. adv

Seeing Rome.

"Papa certainly didn't manage this European trip very well. He said he'd be in Rome two days, but he made a mistake, and it's three, and now we've seen everything, and there's absolutely nothing to do for a whole day."—Life.

Itch! Itch! Itch!—Scratch! Scratch! Scratch! The more you scratch the worse the itch. Try Doan's Ointment. For eczema, any skin itching. 50c a box. adv

Spiteful.

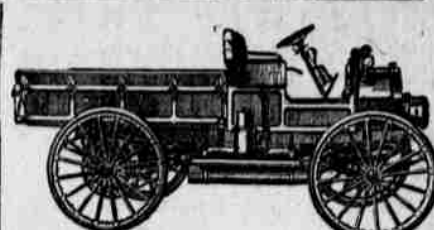
Ragged Rogers—De lady in de next house give me a piece of homemade cake. Won't you give me somethin', too? Mrs. Spiteful—Certainly, I'll give you a peepsin tablet.—Boston Transcript.

Harsh physics react, weaken the bowels, will lead to chronic constipation. Doan's Regulants operate easily. 25c at all stores. adv

Why?

Sometimes it seems as if every person who was lacking in initiative, special ability or industry desired to be either a writer, an actor or an artist. The most agreeable way for a lazy person to make a living is to express his own opinions, emotions and impressions.—Harper's Weekly.

Accidents will happen, but the best regulated families keep Dr. Thomas' electric Oil for such emergencies. Two sizes 25c and 50c at all stores. adv



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Estate of Geo. E. Mudgett

STATE OF VERMONT—District of Lamoille, ss.
The Honorable Probate Court for the District of Lamoille.

To all persons interested in the Estate of GEO. E. MUDGETT, late of Morris-town, in said District deceased, GREETING:

At a Probate Court, holden at Hyde Park, within and for said district, on the 1st day of July, 1914, an instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Geo. E. Mudgett, late of Morris-town, in said District, deceased, was presented to the Court aforesaid for Probate.

And it is ordered by said Court that the 20th day of July, 1914, at the Probate Office, in said Hyde Park, be assigned for proving said instrument; and that notice thereof be given to all persons concerned by publishing this order three weeks successively in the News and Citizen, a newspaper circulating in that vicinity, in said District, previous to the time appointed.

Therefore, you are hereby notified to appear before said Court, at the time and place aforesaid, and contest the probate of said Will, if you have cause.

Given under my hand at Hyde Park, in said District, this 1st day of July, 1914.

LIZZIE A. WHITE, Register.

Estate of Udnor J. Mudgett

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT
State of Vermont, District of Lamoille, ss.—In Probate Court, held at Hyde Park, in said District, on the 30th day of June, A. D. 1914.

Willis M. Parker, Executor of the estate of Udnor J. Mudgett, late of Wolcott, in said district, deceased, presents his administration account for examination and allowance; and makes application for a decree of distribution and partition of the estate of said deceased. Whereupon it is ordered by said Court, that said account and said application be referred to a session thereof to be held at the Probate Office in said Hyde Park, on the 29th day of July, A. D. 1914, for hearing and decision thereon; And, it is further ordered, that notice hereof be given to all persons interested, by publication of the same three weeks successively in the News and Citizen, a newspaper published at Morrisville and Hyde Park, previous to said time appointed for hearing, that they may appear at said time and place, and show cause, if any they have, why said account should not be allowed and such decree made.

By the Court, LIZZIE A. WHITE, Register.

CENTRAL VT. RAILWAY

Trains Leave the following stations daily except Sunday.
IN EFFECT JUNE 21, 1914

	No. 72	No. 26	No. 40
Cambridge Jct.	5:10 a. m.	6:00 a. m.	7:00 p. m.
Jeffersonville	5:15	6:14	7:04
Cambridge	5:28	6:20	7:10

Connections are to be made at Essex Junction as follows: No. 72 with the Mail Train for all New England Points; No. 26 with the New England States Limited Express for New England Points and with Local Passenger for Montreal; No. 40 with the Night Express for all New England Points.

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A Word to the Borrower

IF you are a borrower of this paper, don't you think it is an injustice to the man who is paying for it? He may be looking for it at this very moment. Make it a regular visitor to your home. The subscription price is an investment that will repay you well.

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